The moſt horrible

and tragicall murther of the right hònorable, the vertuous and valerous Gentleman, Iohn Lord Bourgh, Baron of Caſtell Connell.

Committed by Arnold Cosby, *the foure-teenth of Ianuarie.*

Togeather with the ſorrowfull ſighes of a ſadde ſoule, vppon his funerall: written by W. R. a ſeruaunt *of the ſaid Lord Bourgh.*

Tempus, fortuna, ſient.

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and tragicall murther, of the right *Honorable* Iohn Lord Bourgh: *Baron of* Caſtle Connell, committed by *Arnold Cosby the 14. of Ianuarie.*

Ot to painte it out with vainglorioustermes of a large Exordium in a matter where throbbinge ſorrowe breaketh of ſuperfluous circumſtances, and ouerwerying plaints abruiate, the libertie of ſpeach: nor to vſe the choice inuention of a pleaſinge diſcourſe, where nothing but heauy miſfortunes miniſter cauſe of melancholike and penſiue contemplations: But to explaine a tragicall trueth, and ſet foorth the lamentable order, of a premeditated murther, I will briefly proſecute my owne griefe, and the generall wayling of euery gentle minde. Wherein as well ſuperiours, as inferiours, (caſt from the quiet ſtaie of their former affectes) ſeeme to beare their indifferent partes.

If the loſſe of true nobilitie, whereon as vpon a rocke of ſafe protection, conſiſteth the happie gouernement of euery flouriſhing common weale, though by honourable ſeruice in warre, or by ſickneſſe at home, the appointed ſcurge of humaine frailty: bee a greeuous maime to the ſtate, inferring a cõmon lament throughe euerie part thereof. Then much more maie the ſtate complaine, and euery priuate perſon ſhed teares of ſorrowe, when the

one loseth the hope of expected virtues, and the other is bereft the strength of their peaceable fortunes, yet not by repulsing the iniuries of forraine pride, or naturall summons of diuine election, but by the poysoned rancour of domesticall treacherie, as by this horrible murther executed on the right honourable the Lorde Bourgh may wel appeare, whose vertuous desires, were stedfastlie fixed vppon true honors exercises, and whose heroycall constitution, euer abhorred the base practises of vicious and ignoble qualities. But as the fayrest rose is apt to be consumed by a cancker, so Enuie the malitious handmaide of honour, continuallie seeketh the ruine of noble personages.

For in the courte amongest the princelike traine of her Maiesties followers, there wandered (as the purest wheat is associated with infectious weedes) one Arnold Cosby, a man of proud conceipte, borne to mischefe, and predestinated to destroie that which his lothed life is too farre vnable to redeeme.

This Cosby, what for countries sake being an Irishe man, or for the curtious affabilitie of the Noble man (whose ingenuous towardnesse carried a good conceite of euery one) was so fauoured and well esteemed of him as he thought nothing lost wherein hee might pleasure him, til at last (as is the custome, of ouerbold inchroching vpstartes) by too much familiaritie he grewe contemptuous, and the more to manifest his arrogancie and the malice of his swelling spirite, tooke a sleighte quarrell, (after sundrie dispightfull disgraces offered) to prouoke and challenge the Lord Bourghe by a vile and impudent letter, which one night vnder signe of fawning subtilty, secretlyhe clapt into his hand. And though the offence did not proceede by him, but principallie rose by the reportes of an other gentleman of Cosbyes acquaintaunce, which offered to maintaine them to his teeth, daringe him to the fielde, yet did he refuse to fight with him, bendinge the force of his conceiued hatred, onely against the Lorde

Burghe

Bourgh, and would not forſooth otherwiſe bee pacifyed, but with his life and ruine of his carkaſſe, for ſuch were his wordes in his impudent letter, ſtuft with a rable of bumbaſted braues, ſcornefull tearmes, and odious comparisons, binding him vpon his honour and manhode, the nert morning to mæte him in *Wanſworth* fieldes.

The noble gentleman whoſe modeſt eares did glowe at the immodeſt and ſhameleſſe tynes, as his milde and curteous demenour, was neuer ſæne to iniure the ſimpleſt, ſo bæing impatient of the leaſt wrong ſmiled at his follie, and thought, though he were no waie his equal, yet in ſo much as he was a Souldiour and in that reſpecte a gentleman, it would not be much preiudicall to his honor, if he met him, and with the chaſteſment of his ſword taught him his ductye with better manners, and therefore not in hatred of ſoule, thirſting after bloud, as it appeared by his oppribrious letter he did: but in ſobrietie ſent him word backe he would mæte him. Which reſolution I ſuppoſe was contrarie to Cosbeyes expectation, who imagined be like the Lord Bourghe woulde haue ſtode vpon tearmes of ſuperioritie with him, or elſe hæ would not haue bæne ſo liberall in his challenge.

But the night drue on, and Cosbyes ſtomacke that of late did blowe forth from his windie puft breſt the ſoũd of horrour and death, began nowe to quaile, at the hearing, of two or thræ wordes, ſpoken in a milde and temperate vaine, and therefore as fitted the opportunitie of time he entred into counſel, with ỹ curſſed ruler of darkneſſe, howe hæ might worke miſchiefe, and yet defende his owne credite from blot of infamie. Well ſomewhat was deuiſed and concluded vpon, as after by his actions might be gathered: for the daie no ſoner appered, but as prefiguring ſome diſmall accident, it couered the earth with a lowring countenaunce, and black cloudes in ſigne of enſuing miſeries, diſtilled repentant teres from their ſyatrie browes. When Cosby well ſtudied for his purpoſe, and pricked forwarde with a deſire of deceiuinge

hope, which his wicked thoughtes had before hatched in his braine, left his lodging and came to the Lord Bourghe with a case of Rapiers, bidding him take his choyce, for those should be the instrumentes of life or death betwixt them.

After this they mounted themselues and rode on towardes *Wansworth*, neither of them hauinge made any one priuie to their intent, the one would not, in regarde of his honour, the other in feare his villainous pretence should bee discouered: I neede not aime at the thoughtes of Cosby by the waie, they may bee coniectured to be such, as commonly proceede from a minde premeditating murther. When they were come to the place appointed, Cosby as it should seeme, beeing first arriued, had made himselfe readie to fight, the Lord Bourgh cõming somewhat later, was not altogether so ready, yet had cast of his cloake, tyed his horse, and drawne hys rapier.

Now marke the feare, wherewith treacherous hearts doo continually tremble, though they haue neuer so perfectlie studyed the platforme of their pernitious deuises. For Cosby although he had trained this fresh springing hope of chevalrie and honour, into a solitarie place farre from resorte, and earlye in the morninge when fewe had occasion to be in the fieldes, yet did hee (as ministers of diuelish stratagems vse) faint and gladlie would haue bin at home againe, as by his delaies is evident, for first he intreated the L. Bourgh to measure rapiers, the equal length wherof he knew sufficientlie for him selfe prouided them.

Then did he request him to breake his rapiers point (a touching it was triall enough of their manhoods, in that they had met in field) and to scarre their faces, and so returne and say they had fought. But the L. Bourgh as one that lothed his former brags, and detested ỳ dastardlike motiõ, told him flatly, he scorned such pusillanimity, nor came he to plate boyes plaie. Why then quoth Cosby,

by my L. t'were best put of your spurres least they chaunce to hinder you.

Now had the deuill which all this while had bene absente from his seruant, fitted him at length with a pollicie to worke his will and endamage his owne soule. And now, euen nowe, the fatall houre was come, wherein the bloudy homizide gaped to quench his thirst in bloud, and to acte the tragidy of his former scelerous inuentions. For as the L. Bourghe (whose noble minde suspecting no treacherie) knæled downe, putting his rapyer in his left hand, and with his right, intended to vnbuckle his spurres, the monsterous treachetour, taking the aduantage as it fell, not like a Souldiour, or a Gentleman, but lyke a brutishe manquellour, and murderous conspiratour, voyd of all virtue and humanitye, with all the violence his coadiutor the deuill could lend him, ranne his rapyer twelue inches into his brest, which stucke so fast, as hee was constrained to set his foote vpon him, and plucke it forth, and being cast downe with the force of the thrust, Cosby, that wicked and bloodye Cosby, coulde not be content with one mortall wound, nor might his insatiate furie be staunched, except his vitall bloud streamed in sundrie conduites, to gorge the fell outrage of his grædie mawe, therefore letting fall hys rapier, toke his dagger in his right hande, and therewithall gaue him thræ and twentie woundes more. Which scarse could suffice, for that he feared, if any breath remained in hys bodie his tongue might bewraye the manner of that horrible murther, and therefore would not haue left so, but that he saw rescue nære, which made him take his horse to escape, which was when he came vnto that place, a luftie strong Geldinge as any is in England, but he was no soner on his backe, but he presently fell lame, and was not able to carie him, suche is the iust iudgement of God that abhorreth murderers, and wil not they' villainie be concealed.

Besides for all those woundes, which the Lord Bourghe had receiued, it pleased God he should liue two or thræ houres after, time enough to commit him selfe to his mercie, and to reueale the treacherous manner of his death, which hee did in the hearinge of the right honourable the earles of Esser

Eller and Dymewood, in a house in *Wansworth*, whether hee was conuaied by the meanes of one Iohn Powell yeoman of the bottels in her maiesties house, who comming to the rescue, pursued the murtherer vntill hee shrouded himselfe in a thicke wood, where he might easilie haue kept him selfe close a long time, but that the prouidence of God hauing nowtaken place to punish, where before the deuill had kept possession, for sin he wold not suffer him to rest, but so soone as it was night, brought him backe to *Wansworth*, and the first house he came to was ỹ house wherin ỹ breathles bodie of the Lord Bourgh lay, whereunto he was no soner approched (which is a thing especially to be noted,) but his wounds bled more freshlie then when the were first giuen, whereby the people in the house being agast at that suddaine and straunge spectacle made fortye to search, for surelie they supposed the murtherer was not farre off, he hearing the noyse of their comming, fledde to *Newinton*, where he was apprehended and caried to Newgate, and from thence brought the fiue and twenteth daye of *Ianuarie* to the Sessions house in Southwarke, where he was arreined and condemed of wilfull murder, which murther he had committed the fourth day of the same month. And thus haue I disburdened the heauy clogge of my greeued conscience, and done my latest duetie to him dead, whom whilest he liued, I loued and honoured.

Then Noble maides, whose heartes full of lenitie harbour no suspition of treacherie, banishe all secure, mildnesse from your soules, that suffers euerie base, and ignoble Sicophante to enchroche into the lenity of your fauorable conceite. And nourish not with your courteous countenaunce, the contemptuous aspirers of inferiour reputetion: For thereby groweth such bosting vanitie from the baser insolent, that would frame nobilitie to the inferiour tipe of their vnworthines. As well is manifested by the sodaine death of this noble gentleman, and the published villanie of this tragicall murther, a sufficient caueat for euery mistrustlesse minde to be admonished.

The ſighes of a ſad ſoule vpon the vnfortunate death of the Right Honourable the vertuous and valarous *gentleman the Lord Bourgh.*

The ſighes of the Night.

THe gorgeous Sun hath ſpent his holy fire,
& ſcowling clouds are wrapped arme in arme,
The morning to the ſalt ſea doth retyre,
& deadly-ſleep doth caſt an endles charme:
Fore-figuring ſome euerlaſting harme.
The Nights faire Queene doth bend hir iuory browes
And gleames a gloomie beaming on the boughes.

And *Mercurie* forerunner of the euening,
Hath bathd his golden winges in clotted bloud,
And euery gentle plannet ſitteth greiuing,
And that doth moue that euer firmely ſtoode:
A pitchie fogge doth couer euery flood.
And while the day breake ſtriueth with the ſtarres
The Sunne and Moone maintaine continuall warres.

The mountaines ſincke vnto the valleis deepe,
And riuers ſwell vnto the mountaines hight,
No pleaſaunce doth his wonted order keepe:
A winde remoues the waues: there teares doe ſighe
And liquide moyſture turnes to ſulphering drith:
So ſorrow burnes when dreirie teares are ſpent:
And ouer heat doth make a ſoft relent.

A ſwanniſh tune becomes my morning ſong,
And in my ſight hir feathers turnd to blacke,
No day is ſeene, but night is ouerſtrong:
For ſtill the morning bluſh is turned backe,
Becauſe no mourning eye ſhall ſorrow lacke,

A quire of Owles inſtead of Nightingals,
With Elegies my fainting ſorrow qnailes.

The dewe that fals is like the ſent of death,
And brings a mortal Serene with the fall,
A graue is all the pleaſure of the earth,
and ſpringing bliſſe is but as barren gall,
and with our feete we digge our buriall,
What booteth all the pride of boaſting luſt
When martiall armour is a tombe of duſt.

Buried aliue within the graue of Night,
Where darknes guideth my lamenting griefe,
I lie bereaued of my former light,
As one that in diſtreſſe did finde reliefe,
And placed ſorrow in his ſoule for chiefe,
For that ſweete lampe of life that I ſo loued,
Is from my wonted guidance quite remoued.

I loath the cheerefull ioy the day doth bring,
becauſe the day mainteines the thing I hate:
Sweet is the muſick that the Screchowles ſing
And in good time are Minutes ouerlate,
For in my fancie loue is blacke debate,
And when I ſee my withered ſenſes ſtriue,
Then do I thinke my ſorowes are aliue.

I looke and ſee the daughters of great *Ioue*,
That loude his noble vertues that I loue,
Sit ſighing in a melancholie groue:
and to combine a coronet haue ſtroue,
Of all the plantes that in the field doe roue,
For that ſwet Lord I hold the world in ſkorning
& hate day, night, the euening & the morning.

The

The ſighs of the Morning.

Now as a mourning goddes comes the Morne,
Like to a wretched Pilgrime clothd in gray,
Hir lowring lookes like one that was forlorne,
Guſht ſhowres of teares vpon that diſmal day:
And when ſhe ſaw his deepe & mortal harmes,
She tooke my Lord within her louing armes:

Meeting the Lark that mounted with her notes,
Hir Chriſtall bodie bruſht vpon her breaſt:
& by that ſũmonce tunde their warbling throts
To ſing the burthen of my great vnreſt:
And when I ſigh the birds with heauie heigh,
Trebble their ſonnets, and approch me nigh.

If ſhe had loſt hir glimcing Lucifer,
That is familiar with hir bright vpriſe:
No ſorrow could ſuch greiuouſnes inferre,
As now departed from hir tearefull eyes.
And if hereafter I do ſee hir cleare,
Ile flie from hir, as an inconſtant pheare.

Hir crimiſon Mantle fell into the Sea,
And almoſt made the Lordlie Neptune mad,
But when he knew the mourning of the day
His royall hall with miſtie fogge was cladde,
And vnderſtanding of this ſadſull end,
He ſighed, and ſaid that he had loſt a freind.

When as the Nimph did know this curſed hape
& what bruite ſoule did act that damned deed,
a heauie clangor of hir armes did clappe,
To bidde all true Nobilitie take heede,
How they did truſt to flearing *Sicophants*,
Or fauoured proud contemptuous miſcreants.

Between theire browes ſee miſchefe fyrmlie knit,
And yet a fawning ſweetnes in their lipps:
VVithin there harts doth ouglie treaſon ſit,
And Adders venome from their pleaſure ſips.
Take heede faire Lordes, and feare ye to embrace:
The marke of nature in a flattering face.

The Goddeſſe ending with a greuous ſobbe,
Went vpp, to tell within her ſtatelie court:
How vice the noble did of vertue robbe,
And there did write his honors rare report.
When I beheld yt I was wel content,
And yet me thought I wiſht the Nights aſſent,

The Third ſigh of Winter.

My fire is greater than whole Foreſts flames,
Eternall Winter kindleth in my breſt:
And in my heart a Regeſter of names,
Of balefull ſtormes the ſeaſon hath impreſt.
Somtimes the windes doe diue in to my hart,
And call them forth to renouate my ſmart.

Then euery ſtorme doth take a ſeuerall limbe,
And in thoſe limbes poſſeſſeth ſeuerall veynes:
And like *Saturnus* makes my bodie grimme,
By letting forth my bloud in paynfull ſtreynes.
And when I ſigh I raiſe a bremie ſtorme,
So all my ioyes are ſpent in winters forme.

This winter commeth by that flowers fade,
Whoſe couler brought bright comfort to my ſight:
Whoſe ſweete perfume my ioyfull pleaſure made,
Whoſe leaues reflexed like a ſtarrie light.
The coward malice cropt it from the ground,
And now in ſommer is no pleaſure found.

As heauie as the froſtie grayberdes weight,
Lieth congealed ſorow on my heart:
And yet my burden ſeemeth but a ſleight,
Lightning, and thunder griefes and ſighes doe part
The one with ſodaine flaſhes blinds mine eyes,
The other with a waſting terrour flies.

A froſt of care hath nipt my ſpringing youth,
My Sun is downe ſhould make the yce relent:
And heaps of ſnow are gathered by my ruth,
All which are hillockes of cold diſcontent
And if this wintering chilnes euer burſt,
A waſhing ſtorme muſt waiſt the frozen cruſt.

Then from the braſen priſon breaks the winds,
And from their ſwelling mouthes do ſend out ſhowers:
And driue me to the thought of that which bindes,
Bundels of thornes to build vp darkeſome bowers
Vnder that gloomy ſhade I ſitte and ſing,
The greeuous loſſe of ſuch a pretious thing.

Wo is my Winter for ſo great a miſſe,
And in that ſeaſon on his ſadful hearſe:
A hermitage Ile build ſhall be my bliſſe,
And call on age my yongnes to reuerſe
And in his worthie praiſe my pen ſhall dwell
Whoſe vertue did all baſe contempt expell.

Ile ſit vntill my breath ingraue this grace
Vpon the ſtone doth couer his ſweet corſe.
Here vertue in a milkewhite mildnes ſtaies
Vntill eternall glorie by his force,
Conioyne his body to his pretious ſoule
In his ſweet boſome that doth all controule.

The fourth ſigh of the Spring.

The Souerſaigne of the Planets neuer roſe,
But in a cloudie vale did ſhrowd his head,
His Chariote couered like a mourning hearſe
Reiected quit his golden furniture,
Ceres and *Flora* ſuffered ſuch a dearth,
as neuer happened on the barren earth.

When firſt the curſed hand, by cowards watch
Did ſeperate that life that loude my light,
The ſpring did ſprout, but blacke was al hir ſap
The violete turned to a tawnie hew,
Dim was the roſe, yet yallow were the ſeedes,
For mourning minds, betokening mournful weeds.

The wind with tragicke muſicke wiffeth ſighs,
Thorow the linnow ſtalks that ſhook the flours,
and *Aiax* bloud that breed the Hyacinth,
Congealeth care vpon the graſſie bancks,
But then the daintie Lillie loſt hir leaues,
& they were boũd amõgſt the reapers ſheaues.

The loftie Pines did pine within the valleys,
and ſtood like ſtripped champions in a ſtorme.
They that are cut & daunce vpon the billowes,
are careleſſe in the cold extreameſt chaunces.
and as the deepeſt brookes do murmur leaſt,
So they ſay little, that did loue him beſt.

Vpon a ſpringing oke doth keepe Joues byrde,
That letteth fall a feather euerie flight:
His ſorrow lets the Iuie haue his growth,
That turnes the Eagle to the bird of night,
When Okes and Eagles die for griefe not age
There feare and ruine runne in equipage.

Tmolus.

Tmolus hir ſelfe whereas the Safron growes,
Hath intermixt hir ſpice with lothſome weds,
Blacke woll doth grow on the *Arabian* ſhrubs,
as hard as are the quils of Porcupins,
Of Rauons couler lookes the Cotton tree,
a glorious ſpring againe ſhall neuer bee.

Thus is my ſpring become the leaues decaie,
Where Charecters of endles griefe are writ.
The dewfull teares do trickle from the boughs
That loſt their cloathing when I loſt my loue,
and aye to me my ſorrow writs the worſt,
My ioyes are barren and my ſelfe accurſt.

If any care bee buried in the earth,
Some quaking furie ſend it from hir breſt,
and leade my lumpe that being ouęr preſt,
I may conucie this dead time to my reſt,
Where wrapped vp in bright archangels wings
I may behold that which my comfort brings.

The Graces Funerall.

Since firſt the morning & the euening mourned
Since winter and the ſpring time are bereaued,
Of all the ioyes my inward loſſes breathed,
angels reioyce my loue is now receiued,

The Graces haue his louely bodie balmed.
and haue the centure of the earth perfumed,
Whereas that bodie ſhall not be conſumed,
& that which wrents the groũd is euer calmed

Their golden robs his bodie now hath couered,
& *Dians* Doues their Iuory breſts haue plumed,
Which by his bodie yet aliue haue houered,
and his faire reſting is by heauen aſſumed.

Foure morrall vertues haue his ſoule conueied
And ſpightfull fates his vertues haue deceiued,
And great *Iehouah* hath his worke ſurueied,
And with that bleſſed ſacrifice is pleaſed.

Who knew my noble louer whilſt he liued,
And will not ſay his vertues haue deſerued,
In fames huge books to haue his name deſcribed
And euery honour that hee had reuiued.

My wandring wit in ſorrowes ſourſe is drowned
& whē I wrought his praiſe the Muſes frowned
My ſhallow brain his nobleſſe hath not ſoūded,
Nor hath my pen his worthines renowmed.

Now hath immortall ſorrow neare approached,
And on my mazing wretchednes hath ceazed:
And hath my ruler night againe conducted,
whoſe gaping horour cannot be appeaſed.

Then of his ſoules ſweete ſafetie aſſured,
Which our redeemer by his death procured,
And ſince my ſorrowes cannot be redreſſed,
They are embracte as euermore diſtreſſed.

FINIS.